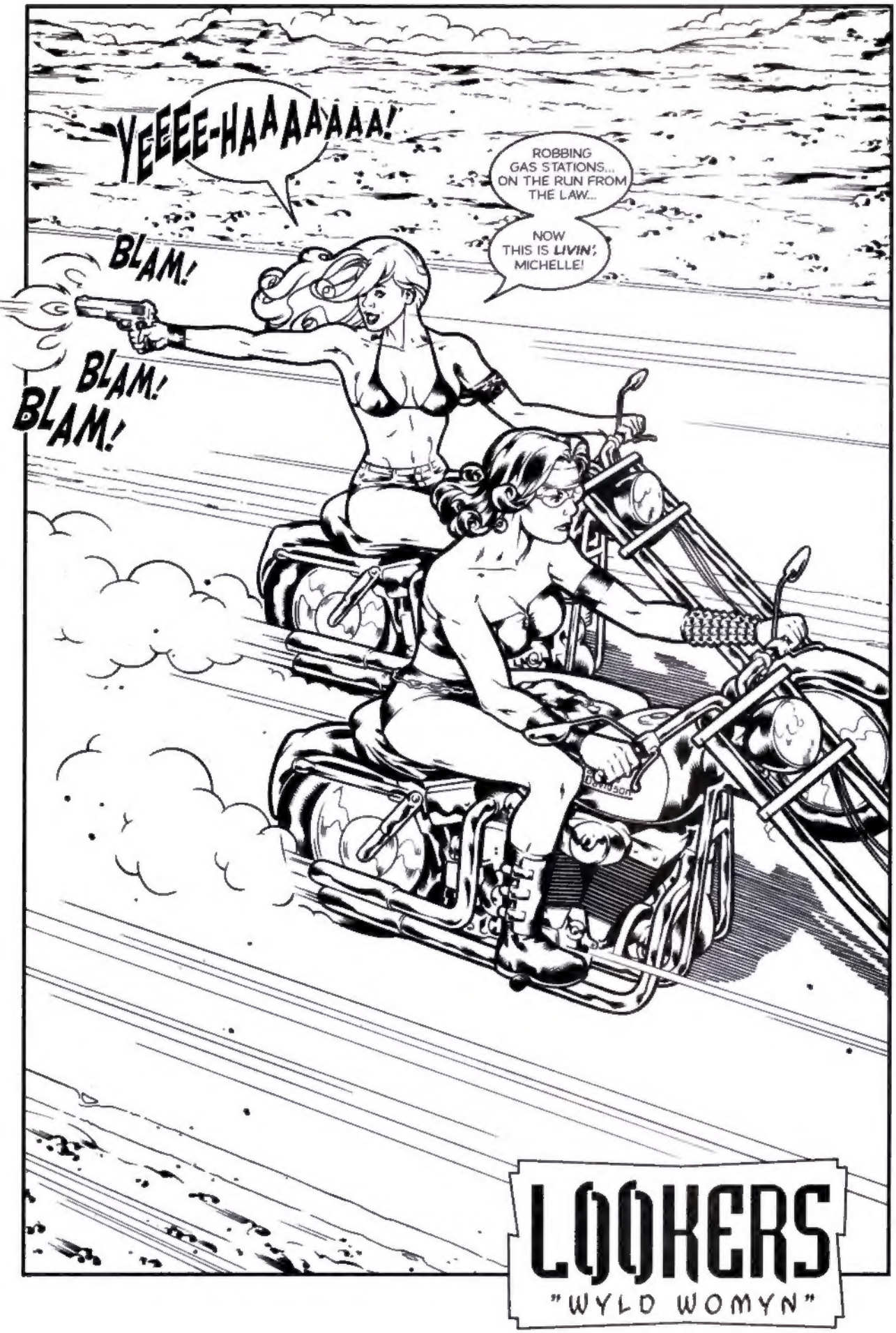
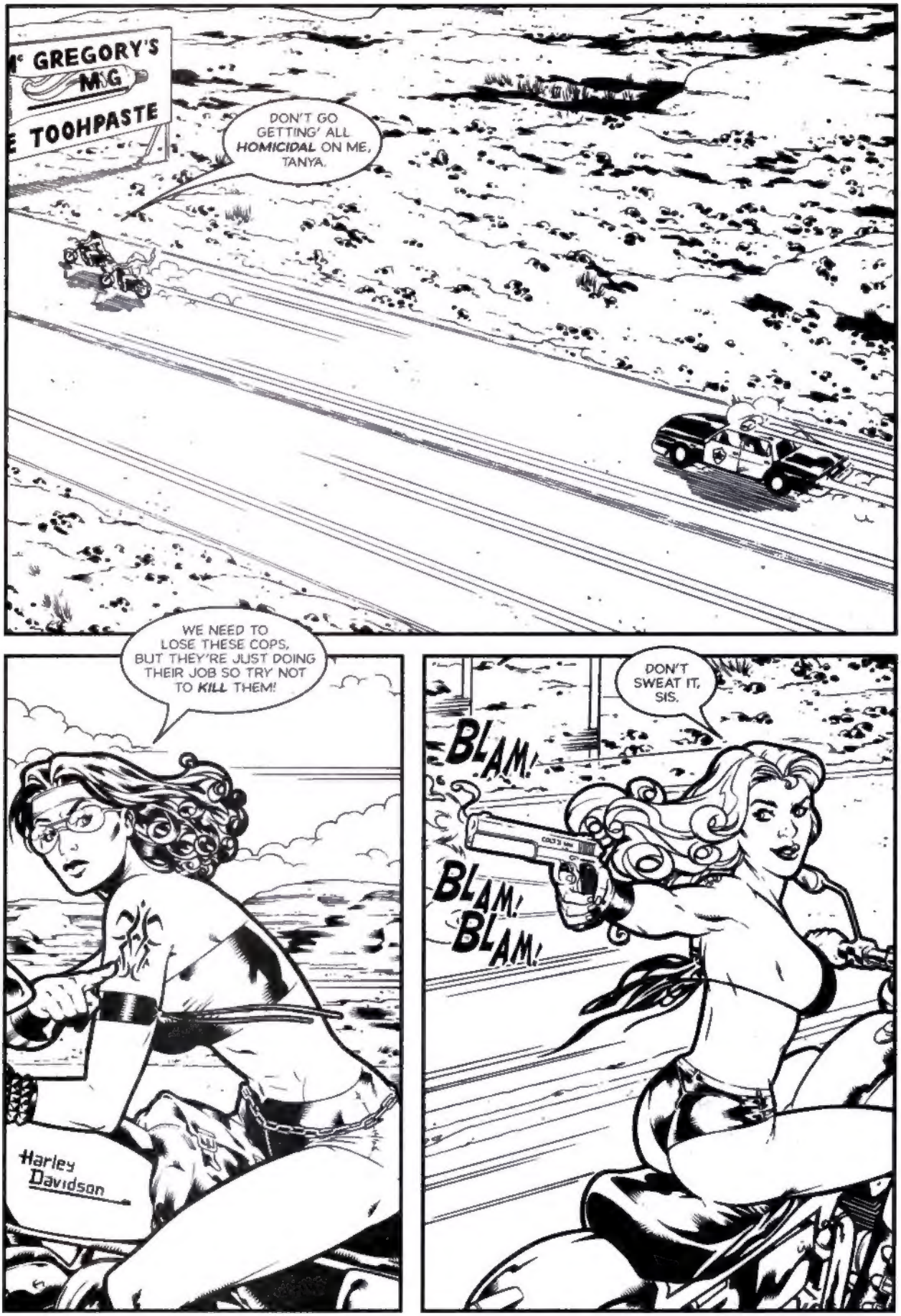
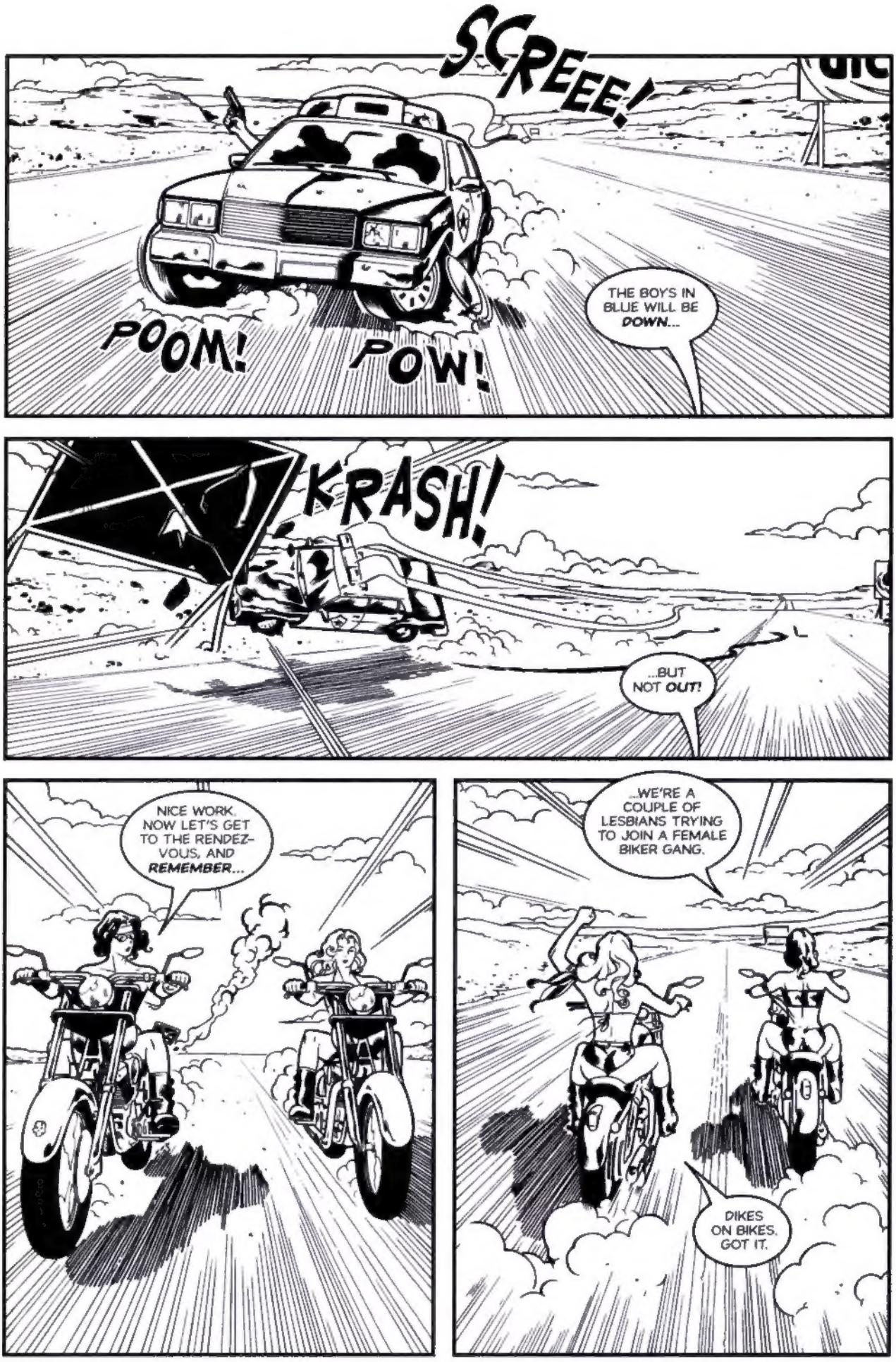

YEEEE-HAAAAAAA!
ROBBING GAS STATIONS... ON THE RUN FROM THE LAW...
NOW THIS IS *LIVIN'*, MICHELLE!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
LOOKERS
"WYLD WOMYN"

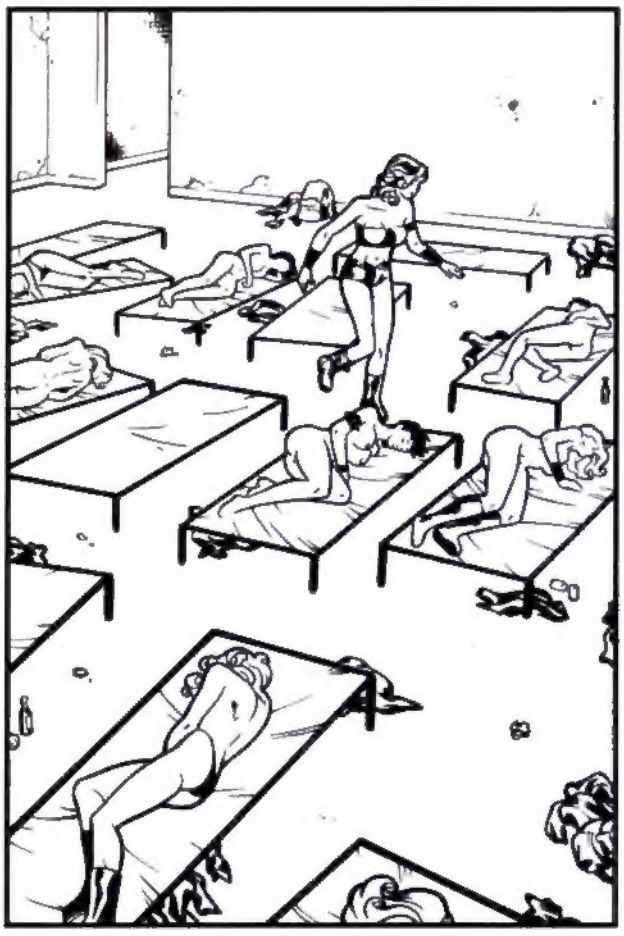

GREGORY'S
M.G
TOOHPASTE
DON'T GO GETTING' ALL *HOMICIDAL* ON ME, TANYA.
WE NEED TO LOSE THESE COPS, BUT THEY'RE JUST DOING THEIR JOB SO TRY NOT TO *KILL* THEM!
Harley Davidson
DON'T SWEAT IT, SIS.
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!

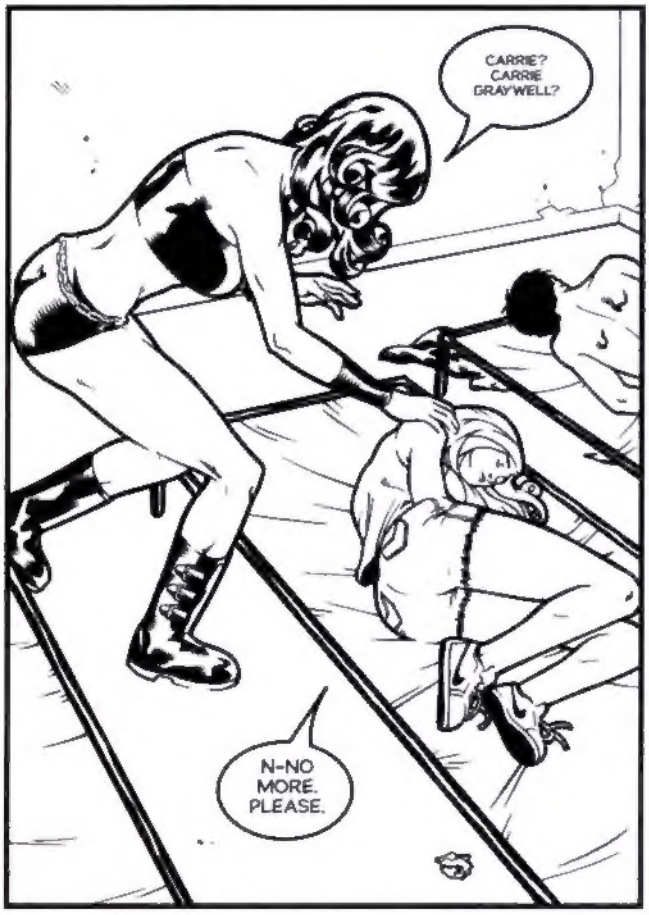

SCREEE!
POOM!
POW!
THE BOYS IN BLUE WILL BE DOWN...
KRASH!
...BUT NOT OUT!
NICE WORK. NOW LET'S GET TO THE RENDEZ-VOUS, AND REMEMBER...
...WE'RE A COUPLE OF LESBIANS TRYING TO JOIN A FEMALE BIKER GANG.
DIKES ON BIKES. GOT IT.

THERE YA GO, VIC. THREE GAS STATIONS, SIX HUNDRED BUCKS AND TWO *VERY* PISSED OFF COPS SOMEWHERE BACK THERE AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.
WHUMP!
YA DONE *GOOD*, LADIES, AN' SEEIN' AS HOW YOU'VE *PASSED* OUR LITTLE INITIATION...
...YOU'RE NOW OFFICIALLY MEMBERS OF THE *WYLD WOMYN!*
CANNIBAL CORPSE
WYLD WOMYN
WYLD WOMYN

A SHORT RIDE LATER...
WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME, LADIES.
THAT FIRST BUNGALOW IS THE MESS HALL, THE ONE OVER THERE IS THE SLEEPING QUARTERS, AND OVER HERE...
...IS OUR RECREATION CENTER.
WHOA. CHECK OUT ALL THE HORNY BIKER SLUTS.
TELL YA WHAT, SIS. YOU GO LOOK FOR THE GIRL WHILE I KEEP 'EM BUSY IN THE REC CENTER.
SIGH.

SECONDS LATER...
MMMMM-MM! WALL TO WALL CARPET MUNCHERS. WHAT MORE COULD A GIRL ASK FOR?




CARRIE? CARRIE GRAYWELL?
N-NO MORE. PLEASE.

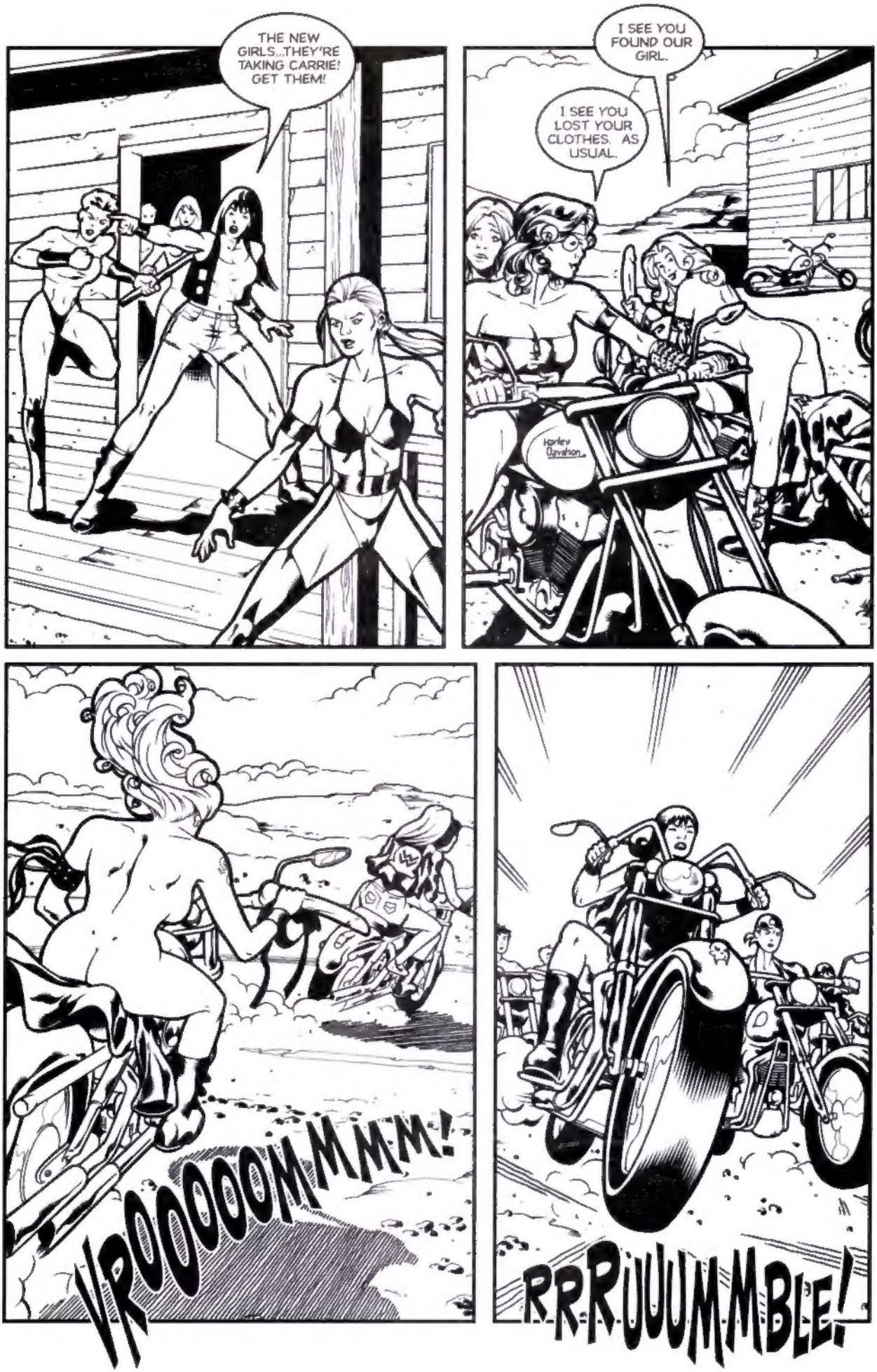
IT'S OKAY, CARRIE. MY SISTER AND I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE.
OH THANK GOD! I THOUGHT THEY WERE MY FRIENDS, BUT THEY'VE MADE ME DO TERRIBLE THINGS AND WON'T LET ME--
SHHHH. I KNOW, SWEETIE. NOW COME ON.

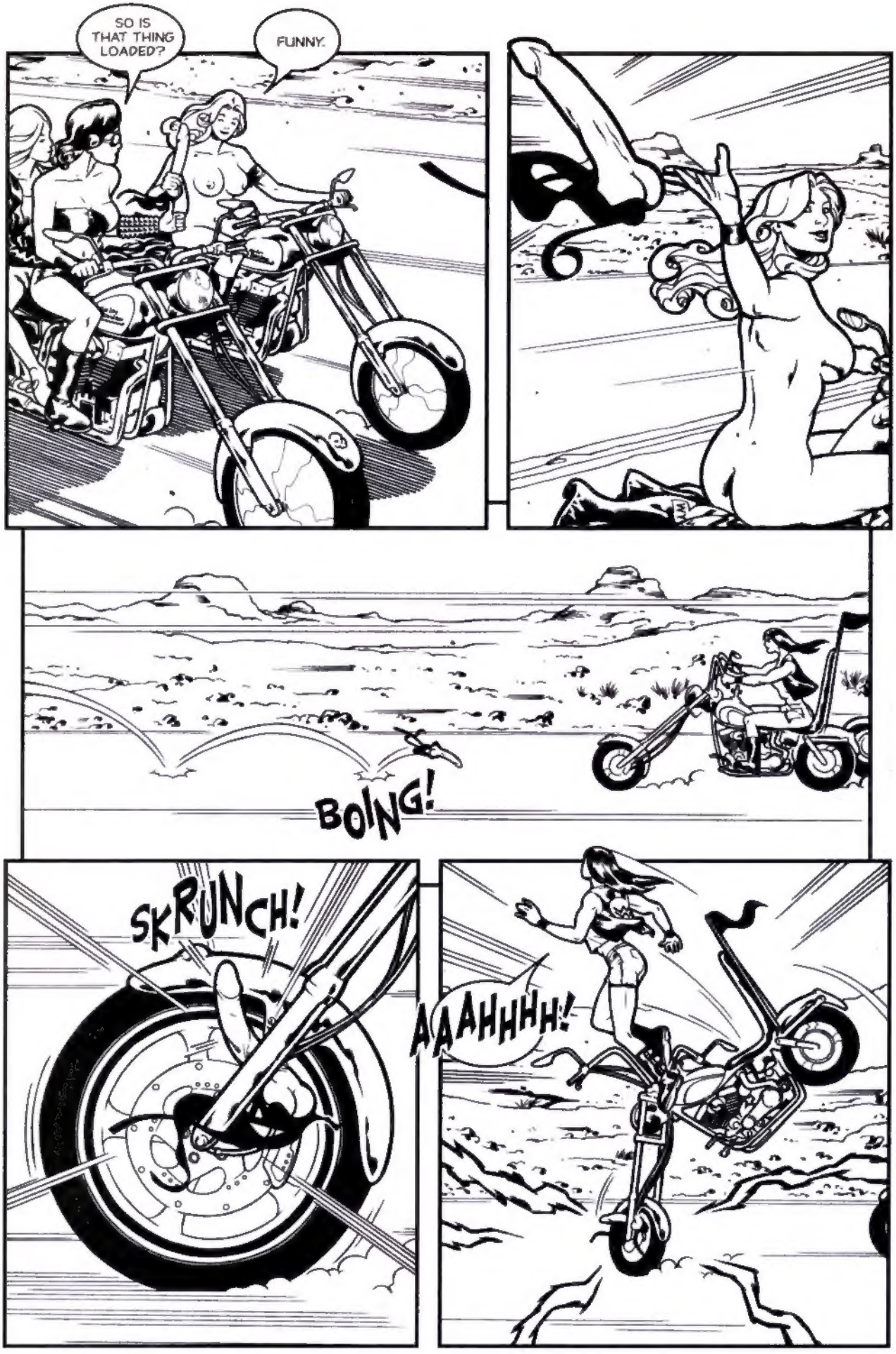
COME ON, GIRLS. IS THAT ALL YOU GOT? WE HAVEN'T EVEN USED THE STRAP-ON YET.

OKAY... SO FAR, SO--

--GOOD

THWACK!
BLAM!
SHIT.
RUN, CARRIE! HEAD FOR THOSE BIKES!
REC
MICHELLE! WAIT FOR ME!


THE NEW GIRLS...THEY'RE TAKING CARRIE! GET THEM!
I SEE YOU FOUND OUR GIRL.
I SEE YOU LOST YOUR CLOTHES. AS USUAL.
Harley Davidson
VROOOOOMMMM!
RRRUUUMMBLE!


SO IS THAT THING LOADED?
FUNNY.
BOING!
SKRUNCH!
AAAHHHH!

LOOK OUT!
AAAIIEEE!
I CAN'T--
SCRRECH!
KRASHHH!
WHOA. DEATH BY DILDO.

WAIT! NO! DON'T TAKE ME HERE!
BUT THIS IS YOUR HOME. YOUR DAD IS THE ONE WHO HIRED US TO BRING YOU BACK.
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I RAN AWAY FROM HOME BECAUSE OF HIM. HE HATES ME BECAUSE...
...BECAUSE I LIKE GIRLS.
OY. THE DAUGHTER OF TELEVANGELIST FOSTER GRAYWELL IS A RUNAWAY LESBIAN. I SMELL A TABLOID HEADLINE.
CARRIE, HE TOLD US YOU HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED AND BRAINWASHED BY THE WYLD WOMYN. THAT WAS OBVIOUSLY A LIE.
AH, YOU FOUND HER.
SMAK!
AHHN!

THWAM!
YOU FUCKING CUNT!
HMPH. YOU PRAISE YOUR GOD WITH THAT MOUTH, GRAYWELL?
COME ON, CARRIE. WE'RE NOT LEAVING YOU WITH THIS ABUSER.
WE'RE GONNA FIND YOU A PLACE TO STAY THAT DOESN'T REEK OF IGNORANCE, HYPOCRISY, AND INTOLERANCE.
END.